

Stone Fan by PandaGoat

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe - Modern Setting, Blow Jobs, Car Sex, Dry Humping, Enemies to Lovers, Explicit Sexual Content, Hand Jobs, M/M, Phone Sex, Possessive Behavior, Public Sex, Secret Relationship

Language: English

Characters: Carol (Stranger Things), Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Tommy H. (Stranger Things), Will Byers

Relationships: Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington, Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-11-06

Updated: 2016-11-19

Packaged: 2022-04-02 00:15:05

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings, Underage

Chapters: 2

Words: 3,780

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

STONATHAN - MODERN DAY AU

Neither of them expected it to happen. It had only been a way to shut Steve Harrington up; not thinking about it, Jonathan just did it. How could Jonathan know that with one impulsive choice his entire life would turn upside down.

1. Chapter 1

=CHAPTER=
=ONE=

I let out a grumbling curse as I walked across the school parking lot and through the doubled doors. I was twenty-five minutes late for school because, like an idiot, I had forgotten to set my alarm. Mom had the early shift at work so she'd left early and Will, my younger brother, leaves after me to ride his bike to school. So there no one there to wake me.

Pushing up my backpack strap further up my shoulder, I keep my face cast downward; my brown hair falling past my eyes.

No one was in the halls; all already in class, but keeping my face downward was just a force of habit.

I don't bother with my locker, I just rush towards English.

Pushing open the English room door I am met with darkness and many eyes staring at me. On the white board in front of the room the movie version of the book our class was reading was playing. Feeling the heavy weight of the stares, I look to Ms Caldwell. Seeing her scowl.

"Sorry for being late." I mumble, loud enough for her to hear. Her scowl didn't let up; she kept directing it at me before she turned away

towards her laptop screen.

The stares from the students have already lost interest in me and returned back to the movie that was playing. Looking around the classroom, my eyes zeroing on where I usually sat in the second row. It was taken.

Keeping my frustrated sigh to myself, I look over the rest of the room, searching for a seat. When my eyes do finally fall on an empty seat I immediately want to start cursing myself again for being late.

Because the only seat left was next to Steve Harrington.

Making my way towards the back row, I fall back into the seat, dropping my bag beside me. Keeping my eyes trained forward.

It wasn't that I hated him, or that he hated me - as far as I knew. It's just the two he was friends with. Tommy Hastings and his girlfriend Carol Melville always made it their job to harass me whenever we'd walk past each other.

Usually about how poor my family is - about how my Mom works in the General Store.

Those were the times I'd almost lost control and punch Tommy right in his freckled face. Though Steve had never actually said those things he was still friends with them...

It was almost towards the end of the film when I finally look to my right at Steve. He'd raised his arms up in a stretching motion; catching the attention of my eyes.

I feel a pang of insecurity as I see what he is wearing. Black warmup pants and a black short sleeved button down shirt. What would look ridiculous on me; top two buttons undone; short sleeves slightly rolled up, looked casual on him - worked for him. Compared to me, in a oversized plain tan tee and baggy sweatpants . . . let's just say it hit hard.

I try to stop myself; try to stop my eyes . . . try to stop the thoughts that come from it. But I just couldn't. My eyes locked onto his arms as he stretched. The muscles bulging through the short

sleeves. My bodies reaction to what I saw had already begun.

I start to turn back around; to put a complete stop on what I was thinking - thoughts I had tried not to think for years, but before I could Steve's brown eyes look to me. Catching me staring at his arms.

Stop! I shout to myself. Shouting to myself to stop these unwanted thoughts; thoughts like this that've been coming to me for years. But with all my shouting to myself, the thoughts and my bodies reaction don't go away. Because he was staring at me.

I try to keep my eyes trained ahead of me, but the heaviness of Steve's stare weighed down upon me. I couldn't help it. Like my head was disobeying everything I was telling it. I slowly turned to face him. I don't know what I could've been thinking. That I would ask what he's staring at; that he could stop looking at me.

But as soon as I looked at him those thoughts vanished and were replaced with the thoughts that I didn't want to think.

Unlike my own brown hair that was a mess and fell past my eyes, Steve's was styled in a way that his hair was pushed back high with a few strands falling to his forehead. His brown eyes, like my own, stared into mine; a grin pulling at his lips.

What would be considered a smug look; a turn off look was, apparently, the complete opposite for me. I don't have to look down to know what was happening; to know that my sweatpants were getting tighter.

I needed the bell to ring. Like, now; looking in the corner of my eye I could see that Steve's gaze was directed downward, where I knew my erection was pushing against the fabric of my sweatpants.

I don't have time to think of a reaction because Steve looks up from where his eyes were gazed with his brows lifted. A small chuckle comes from as he turns back to face the front of the class.

Insecure anger began to rise after hearing his chuckle, and like an idiot I let it get to me and say something I would've never, in a million, years say.

"Like yours is any bigger." I say in a way that only Steve would hear. I could feel myself frowning.

Steve turns back to face me and without a second thought he leans back and responds with: "I think you're mistaken."

"I don't think I am." I retort.

"Oh, I think you are."

Steve then brings his hand down and grabbed his dick through his warmup pants. Looking down I saw the thick outline. It was long. Longer than my own. I couldn't tell you what my reaction was, because in that moment I couldn't think - who could in this situation.

Letting go of himself, Steve let out another chuckle. Told you were mistaken."

In that moment there was nothing more I wanted than to shut his chuckling up, well there was another thing... acting on that, to shut him up, I again do something I never would've ever done. I reach forward a grab Steve's dick.

I'd done what I had wanted to do. I'd shut him up . . . by grabbing his dick. In that moment it felt as if my heart was going to explode from my chest. A surprise look was etched into Steve's face; both of us held still.

I was beginning to make a move and remove my hand, but I then noticed that Steve wasn't doing anything. He just stared at me, his expression changing; his pupils growing darker. I could feel his dick harden up underneath my hand.

The thoughts I'd tried to keep locked away for years then came flooding back like a powerful tsunami, taking ahold of my brain and common sense. Because then, feeling his hardening dick, I began to move my hand. Steve's eyes remained locked on mine while I stroked him through his pants.

Anyone could turn around at any point. Ms Caldwell could look up at any second from the movie and see what we were doing.

This was incredibly risky and incredibly stupid. It should make me want to jerk my hand away from him, but it didn't. Somehow it only made me stroke him harder.

Steve had only leant back, readjusting himself for *me*, when the bell rang.

I pull my hand away from Steve instantly, reality crashing back into me. I jerk up from where I sat, pulling my backpack up over my shoulder and rushed out of the classroom.

Pushing open the door top the boys bathroom, I hear it slam behind me as I throw my bag to the floor and rush over to the basin. Running the tap underneath my hands and splashing my face.

Looking up, how it was possible but my face was both pale and deep with redness.

What the fuck have I just done? I'd just felt up a guy - Steve Harrington - in the middle of class.

He'd been so cocky; so sure of himself that I wanted to shut him up, that I didn't think. I didn't think!

He was going to kill me. He was going to go tell his friends, tell Tommy and Carol. I could almost feel it now. The pain that would be coming my way once he told them; pain from their fists.

And then it hit me.... Steve hadn't tried to stop me. At any time Steve could've stopped what I was doing. My body then starts to react to the recent memories; remembering the way he felt it my hand.... *STOP!*

The sound of the bathroom door being pushed open echoed through the room, instantly causing me to look downward. Ready to move and grab my backpack, the sound of a voice stopped me.

"Hiding?"

Steve.

Taking a step back; having the basin against my lower back, I look

up at Steve expecting a face full of anger. But what was there was . . . wasn't anger.

"I'm sorry." I blurt out, thankfully without a stutter.

"Sorry for what, molesting me?" Steve says, taking a step forward.

"I'm - I'm so sorry." My body now trembling with fear. "I-I-I won't come near you again, I promise. You won't have to see me. Just please don't beat me up."

"You think I came here to beat you up?"

I shrug.

"You know, I wasn't expecting that, Byers." Steve takes another step forward, his eyes staring into mine. "I really didn't think you'd do that." I notice then the slight grin pulling at the corner of his mouth. "It was very wrong."

"You should've stopped me!" I say, "You didn't like it, you should've stopped me."

"Who said I didn't like it?"

"Yo - wha.. You liked it?"

"It was actually..." Steve says, taking another step forward, crowding me against the basin. "kinda hot. I haven't been that turned on in a very long time." Swallowing hard, I can't help it. My eyes drop downward towards his crotch, seeing that he was still *turned on*; his bulge pressing against the fabric of his warmup pants. "You didn't like it?"

"I-" I stutter out, but was unable to finish the sentence because Steve took one final step to invade my personal space. Looking downward, knowing what he was looking at; my bodies reaction to this, and back up to me.

"Looks like you enjoyed it." Steve says.

The question *only now* comes to mind. "Aren't - aren't you..." Steve

lets out a small chuckle, interrupting me. Like he knew what the question was going to be. Steve then grabs ahold of my waist and slams our hips together; pressing both of your hard groins together.

I let out a grasping breath, raising my hands up to grip at the material of his shirt, as he rutted against me. Steve's own hands gripping my waist tight. Tight enough to leave bruises.

Throwing my head forward, so that face hangs near his neck, I could smell the thick scent of his cologne. Which only added to the already intense feeling of rubbing against each other in the boys bathroom. A bathroom that anyone could walk in at any moment.

Another gasping noise left my mouth when Steve pressed harder into me as he rubbed our cocks together. Raising my head up from where I hung my head, I looked at Steve, whose eyes were now more black than brown - now staring straight into mine; more strands now fell from his perfectly styled hair. The image of Steve now, and with the added intense pleasure, it was enough to push me over the edge.

"Ah - " I groan out. "Ah - I'm . . . I'm . . ." Is all I can get out before I spill out into my boxers, with a silent scream.

"Fuck." Steve whisper growled, rutting a few more times before he went still.

When Steve took a step back I realised just how wrecked my body was; I stumble slightly before catching myself on my shaggy legs. "Um..." I start, but nothing else came out. What could anyone say after doing this?

Suddenly Steve's hand was at my side, smacking my cheek lightly twice; wearing the same grin we wore back in the classroom. He then turned on his heel and walked out of the bathroom.

A sound left my mouth that wasn't exactly human. My heart was slamming against my chest and with a shaky hand I gripped the cool steal of the basin sink. *Did that really just happen?*

2. Chapter 2

=CHAPTER=
=TWO=

"Jonathan!" The exclaim comes from the left of me; from the kitchen; causing me to jump.

I'd pushed open the front door, nothing but what had happened today was on my mind. The rest of the world was nothing but a background noise. It'd been that way all day since the bathroom . . . everything had just passed by as background noise - only breaking out of it when Mom called out to me.

"I called you twice before you heard me. You look..." A slight frown appears on her face, "are you okay?"

"Yeah, Mom." I put on a small smile. "I'm fine."

She wears a concerning frown on her face for a moment longer before she speaks again. "I just wanted to remind you that I'm going out on my date tonight," I notice now that Mom wasn't in her usual casual clothes she changed into after work.

She was dressed in all black; black pants, shirt, and a jacket over the shirt. Her dark brown hair, same colour as mine, was worn short; styled in waves.

"You look nice." I say, giving her a small smile.

"You think so? It's not too much?"

"Nah," I shake my head. "It's fine."

She then smiles with a sigh of relief.

She then looks down at her wristwatch. "Shoot, I only have an hour and half until I have to go. There's money for pizza on the table." She turns walks past me, walking down the hallway and into the bathroom.

I follow in the same direction, down the hallway until I reach the door to my bedroom on the far left.

Upon entering my room, I shut the door behind me and turn the lock; dropping my bag to the floor and heading over towards my desk where my laptop sat. I knew what I was about to do was wrong; that I shouldn't do it, but ever since the bathroom he'd been on my mind.

Once my laptop had powered up I went right onto Facebook. Not that I used much; compared to others with almost a thousand friends, I had just past a hundred and fifty. Clicking on the search bar I type in Steve's name.

I wasn't friends with him but I could still see his photos.

The first picture I click on was of Steve and his friends; one of his friends had their arm around Steve's neck in a loose headlock. Steve wore a yellow shirt; pulling his sleeve up and flexing the muscles in his arm.

It was enough.

I stand, shove down my sweatpants and boxers, and grip my shaft. Gripping hard, I stroke fast. My eyes focusing on his flexed arm and face.

When I felt myself nearing climax I clenched my eyes shut.

The images of what happened today came to me; what it felt like to have Steve Harrington against me.

I let out a silent groan as I came out in jets; shooting onto the surface on my desk.

Pulling my sweatpants back over my now spent cock, I pull off one of my socks and wipe up the mess, throwing it into the corner of the room.

Collapsing back down onto my desk chair, I throw my head back. *What are you doing?* I scold myself. What I'm doing; these thoughts I'd wanted to stop. And doing this... doing what I did today... It wasn't right. It wasn't what I wanted. *It wasn't!*

It didn't happen, I tell myself. It would never happen again of course. It was Steve Harrington... whatever happened, it was . . .

I don't know what it was.

But it won't happen again.

And if I didn't think about then obviously all these thoughts would go away!

It was quarter past seven at night.

Mom had left for her date with Jim Hopper, the Chief of Police, an hour ago. And Will, as soon as he had finished with his pizza, went right back into his room.

Most likely to join his friends on MineCraft.

Collecting the plates Will and I had used to eat, I threw the left over into the now empty pizza box and took the plates into the sink. Walking back over to the table, I pick up the pizza box and walk over to trash. Seeing now that it was filled to the brim.

Sighing, I push the the pizza box into the trash as far as it could go without causing anything to spill out and then grab the ends of the plastic bag.

Walking towards the front door, taking my black hooded jacket from where it hanged next to door; pulling it over and shoulders and zipping it up to my chest, I push open the door and hear the familiar squeak. I walk down the steps of the porch, and towards the trash cans.

All around me I could hear the rustling of the leaves as the wind blew through the tall, towering trees.

When I was younger I'd always been afraid of coming out here at night. Our house was one of only three houses of this street. The next one was a good five minute walk, with the forest surrounding us. So as a child it was quite easily to be afraid.

Picking up the lip to the trash can, I drop the bag into it, and dust my hands off. Turning on my heal, I head back towards the house.

Just as I was about to reach the steps to the porch when the sound of tires coming up the dirt drive way came from behind me.

Turning around to meet the lights of the approaching vehicle, I instantly think it's Mom coming home from her date. But I soon realised it wasn't her car.

A dark blue '67 Chevy Impala drove up the driveway and stopped ten or so feet away from me.

The driver's side door was pushed open and shut. "Hello?" I call out to the dark silhouette.

"Hello." The voice mimics. And before the dark silhouette came

into light, I knew who it was.

"What are you doing here?" I ask Steve, who was now standing here in front of me. He was dressed differently than how he was today. He now wore a black leather jacket with a popped collar, a black Henley shirt underneath, and dark grey jeans. His hair, almost like it was today but more styled, was high.

"I was on a date tonight," Steve starts, ignoring my question; moving forward with a slight smirk on his face, "and she was a sure thing too. Ready to ride me then and there in the parking lot. But I had to turn her down . . . because of *you*." Steve walks closer to me.

"Because of me -" I shove my hands into the pockets of my hooded jacket; slightly slumping my shoulders... "What?"

"I told you today, I haven't been that turned on in a very long time." Steve takes the final step and is now standing a foot away from me. Even though deep, deep in my brain a voice was screaming for me to get back in side; tell him to leave, I stood still. "You awakened something in me, Byers." Steve's hands then raise up and grip the sides of my hooded jacket. Once again pressing our groins together.

Again the voice in my head was back, shouting at me. Will could come out at any time; could see what was happening. Mom could come home from her date any minutes now. But the voice, again, was ignored.

Mirroring Steve's, my hands raise up and grip his leather jacket. Feeling the warmth of his breath cascade across my face; smelling the minty scent, I feel myself harden as he grinds his hardening length against mine.

Suddenly my hand is pulled away from his jacket and brought down to his crotch; pressing against his large length.

Steve takes in a shaky breath, with a large grin on his face. That grin . . . I don't know what it was with his grin but it did *things*... What things I wasn't sure, but I settled on irritation.

Yes, irritation. That's why I gripped his hard length through his

jeans and began to roughly stroke him.

Wiping the grin off his face.

But when Steve drops his forehead down onto mine and grabs my own hard length through my sweatpants it was enough to make the victory short lived.

"Oh - Fu" I gasp out - not even in full sentences - as Steve grasps my cock with the same pressure I was holding his.

We were there for a few more moments or minutes, I didn't know, before a grunt came from Steve and he was coming; me following behind him. What started out as a deep exhale turned into a chuckle from Steve, before saying: "Damn, Byers."

I feel a rush sweeping over me. I - I couldn't say what the rush was, but at the moment the voice inside of my head began to catch up with me now that what Steve and I were doing was finished.

Regret. That's what I *must* be feeling right now . . . right?

"I'm going to message you my number tonight over Facebook." Steve says, breaking me away from my thoughts. "I'm going to pick you up tomorrow morning for school, and during break we'll find a nice spot in . . . how about the library?" Steve grins; biting his bottom lip and raising his eyebrows.

Before I could say something - object to what he was suggesting, and I *was* going to object!, Steve was heading back to his Impala and getting behind the wheel and reversing out of the driveway. Leaving me standing there, spent, and head heavy with . . . with well everything.

I promise the chapters will start getting longer. I'm just setting the story up right now :)